

The Little Tigress

- A story by Jonaci Patel

On the third floor of a building in a suburb of a big city, lived a small girl and her little brother. It was raining outside and nanny was on phone. Both were bored, it was still time for mamma and papa to return. And nanny wouldn't listen or play. They were indeed very, very, bored.

The little girl took a piece of crayon in her hand and started to draw. First she drew on a paper. Her little brother joined her. They coloured all the papers. Then they started to draw on the walls. A rhino, an elephant, a monkey swinging on a tree, a little rabbit too. It was still raining outside 'Pitter Patter....' And nanny was now napping comfortably in her chair.

And when all the walls were done, the little girl got out her scissors and started cutting patterns on paper. Her little brother watched her, he was not allowed to touch scissors as they are sharp. She cut out patterns of trees, of giraffes, of zebras, of flamingos too.

She dipped a brush in some orange colour and painted her face. Next she painted stripes of black. She dipped her brush in a little bit of brown and painted her little brother's face. Next she spotted his face with black spots. Both looked into the mirror and growled and roared.

They were in a jungle. There were giraffes and monkeys and all the animals they had drawn. All the animals were bowing to the little girl and her brother. "All hail the king and queen" the animals said. The queen asked a little crane, " Why are the animals only black and white?" The crane very bravely said , "Your majesty t'is because you forgot to paint us. "

So then the king and the queen dabbed their brushes in colour and coloured them. The forest looked green, the flowers had colour and the monkey's tail was brown and the giraffe had patches. . All the animals were very happy. The crickets began the music, the frogs and birds took it up. The flamingos started a lively dance, the zebras tapped and the monkeys joined in the chorus. The king and queen looked happily at them all. They roared and roared in happiness. They danced and roared some more.

An old buffalo came to meet the king and queen. "What are you doing? O what have you done.....what will your parents say?" But it was not an old buffalo, it was nanny. And it was not the jungle but their very own room. It was coloured, with shapes of animals and trees.

Just then the doorbell rang. Mumma and papa were back. They came to the room and looked around. Papa said, "Hmmmm....we had been thinking of doing up your room for sometime now. Now we know what shall we do....we will do the jungle theme....good thinking children. Bravo." And they all laughed.

They all went out to a dinner of dimsums.